

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

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RABBI BEN EZRA.

1.

GROW old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned.
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

THE question which I present to you this evening is all important. All important because of the relation which it bears to the future welfare of our nation. Surely we are all aware that the value of education to the individual can hardly be over-estimated. Without education we should be unable to look into the realms of the past, to appreciate the great and good men who have lived before us, or to understand much of the present.

What young man or woman can launch out upon the great sea of competition and earn a comfortable living without an education? Take, for instance, the uneducated boy and send him to the city to seek employment. He can hardly hope to secure a position even as office boy where he may stand some chance to work up, as we say, because there are scores of boys qualified to fill all such positions. What is he to do? He may be able to get a place as bell boy in a boarding house, janitor in a flat, helper on a dray or in a machine shop, but never to get a responsible position. Thus he is cut off from what is desirable and forced to take work where, nine times out of ten, he will be treated as an underling and be compelled to live a life of poverty and toil; whereas if he were educated he might rise to prominence and power.

That which is true of the boy is true of the man, and that which holds good in the commercial world, holds good also in the political and professional. He who seeks to become a successful merchant or statesman, must first be educated, and lawyers and doctors are required by the laws of our country to spend a number of years in preparing for their profession.

What is true of the individual is also true of the nation. If an uneducated man cannot prosper neither can an uneducated nation.

Horace Mann, when secretary of Massachusetts State Board of Education, in an address on the "Power of Common Schools to Redeem the State from Social Vices and Crimes," said: "The indispensableness of worldly education has been demonstrated. An ignorant people not only is, but must be a poor people. They must be destitute of sagacity and providence, and, of course, of competence and comfort.

"The proof of this does not depend upon the lessons of history, but on the constitution of nature. No richness of climate, no spontaneous production of soil, no facilities for commerce, no storage of gold or of

diamonds garnered in treasure chambers of the earth, can confer even worldly prosperity upon an uneducated nation. Such a nation cannot create wealth of itself, and whatever riches may be showered upon it must run to waste. The ignorant pearl divers do not wear the pearls they win. The diamond hunters are not decorated with the diamonds they find."

It may be well to cite the historic fact that within the last five centuries the people of Spain have owned as much gold as all the other nations of Europe together, yet today they are one of the poorest. What has brought them to this state of poverty? Of all the assignable causes no other is half so evident as that of ignorance.

Upon the other hand let us view our own nation. Although a nation of less than three hundred years we find her one of the most wealthy and also one of the best educated. But there are causes for these conditions, and one cause is that every property owner is required to pay a school tax. In a social or commercial enterprise each member is interested in the use made of its funds. Just so it is with the tax payer. He is, or should be, interested in a wise expenditure of the taxes. His children should be benefited by the money thus expended but in many cases they do not receive their share of benefit, and in many more are entirely robbed of it. They are kept at home or at work instead of being sent to school.

Every child has a right to preparation for his life work, and unless this preparation is given him, he remains more or less handicapped, for an uneducated person seldom knows what vocation really suits him. We have abundant proof of this year after year as we see young men and women change from one plan of life to another. Neither ignorance nor avarice should be allowed to stand in the way of the child's education and the strong arm of the law should interfere. The careless and ignorant fathers of our own country and the ignorant immigrants should be compelled by law to send their children to school.

No one ever regrets time spent in well directed study, but thousands regret the lack of educational opportunities. We read in a thoughtful editorial that: "To a great group of men now in middle life the bitterest memory of our civil war is the closing of schools and colleges, and the blighting poverty which sent so many youth into active life without the training which their fathers had enjoyed for generations." Such a thought is truly bitter, but is the more bitter when we realize that without war as a cause, but rather through carelessness, selfishness, or greed, the same conditions, to a certain degree, exist today.

It is a sad fact in these United States of ours that there are millions of illiterate citizens. In the back woods and mountain districts and

along the western frontier there are thousands upon thousands who can neither write nor read their own names, and many of them do not know the Arabic figures. Our attention was called to a striking and sad example of this ignorance a short time since. A middle aged white man was seen to write the sum three dollars and a half by making three straight lines to represent three dollars, and a half length line to represent the half dollar. Had the amount been three dollars and eighty-five cents, we are at a loss to see how he could have written it at all.

The census of 1900 shows that in June of that year there were in the United States 2,326,000 men of voting age who were unable to read or write their names. Of this number 688,000 were native born Americans. Two sources of danger are often spoken of as threatening our national life, one from the negroes, the other from immigration. But these two are not all. Wherever there is incapacity for the duties of citizenship there is danger, and the illiteracy of six hundred and eighty-five thousand native born white Americans of voting age, is no more to be disregarded than that of immigrants and negroes.

But this is not the worst condition due to ignorance. Our jails and prisons are filled with wrong doers doomed to remorse and misery, and within the hospitals and insane asylums the suffering, both mental and physical, is not only indescribable, but even beyond comprehension. The most carefully compiled statistics show that at least two-thirds of the crime of the present day is traceable to ignorance. It has also been shown by the highest medical authority that more than one-half of the bodily disability and disease, more than one-half of all pains and expenditures of sickness, and more than one-half the cases of premature death, that is under seventy years, are the consequences of sheer ignorance of the conditions of health and life to which our bodies have been subjected by our Maker.

When aroused from our sleep and made to realize these distressing conditions we should not merely open our eyes, as at the sound of the alarm clock in the morning, turn ourselves about, sink back into slumber, and permit this unspeakable misery to go on unchecked. Surely we are our brother's keeper, then we are largely responsible for his education or his ignorance. We cannot evade this responsibility, and neither can we afford to risk the consequences of our failure to meet it. We owe it to humanity, to our country, and to our God, to do all in our power to devise means by which this great evil may be removed. These means then do not lie in the practice nor policy heretofore pursued by a majority of our states, nor in the lax laws and regulations that now exist, but in that better plan pursued by a few of our states—the one true and safe method, that of compulsory education.

A LEGEND.

THE twilight of a summer afternoon had fallen over land and river, deepening the waters near the shore to a heavy purple. The swift rush of the boat sent the water curling away from under the keel in rich creamy foam. A stillness that seemed almost alive enveloped the whole landscape. All day Mr. Oliver and I had been discussing stories of the Seminoles that we had gathered from old settlers down the river. I was collecting Indian legends and in young John Oliver I found a rare source of information. He was learned in Indian lore and delighted to repeat it in the most poetic language. It was his voice that now broke the silence by calling my attention to an old house among the trees on the river bank.

"See that old house there, Miss Collins? Right there was fought the last fight on the Manatee river during the Seminole war. And there-by hangs a tale which I am sure you would like to hear."

Where-at he began one of those narratives so replete with poetry and tragedy that only he could tell.

"The story begins in the camp of Lewahee, greatest chief among the Seminoles. The women were wailing and the braves sorrowfully dancing the death-dance, for the wife of Lewahee was dying, and she was greatly loved by his band. Greatly loved also by Lewahee, and at her deathbed his face dropped the mask of stern calmness it usually wore, and took on lines of tenderness. It is said that even his hand trembled as he led his little daughter to her mother to receive the spirit which was departing.

"My child," came a voice low and broken, "May this spirit breathe into your heart remembrance of loving deeds. Be gentle,—be true,—but gratitude is the best,—the best—"

The voice trailed off in broken utterances, and there was silence.

Next moon the teepees were lifted and the band prepared for march. Already the warriors were mounted, Lewahee and his daughter at their head. The horses were pawing and prancing, impatient to be off, when Ondago, prophet and medicine-man, rushed forward and with a cry threw himself before Lewahee. With mutterings and wild gesticulations, he besought Lewahee to hear the message of the Great Spirit. Something unusual in the old man's tragic gestures sent a chill foreboding over Lewahee's heart, even as he signified his willingness to hear the prophet's words.

"Hear, O chief, the words which come to me down the wind. The

trees, the grass, the river, speak to me with the voice of the Great Spirit, and tell me you are great, great are your people. But, O chief, there is one in your band who shall bring destruction upon your people, even as the frosts of winter blight the flowers that grow in the forests. Lewahee, most powerful of the Seminoles, shall the life of your people pay for the life of a child? Your daughter is that one. Your daughter must die. "Lewahee, Lewahee," the old man's voice rose to a great wail, "the Great Spirit commands you." The heart of a brave must bow before the Great Spirit. Your people, your people."

Lewahee's head was bowed, while his warriors gazed at him in tense expectation. Then suddenly his head was thrown back and a proud glance swept all around him.

"Ondago, the voice of a chief speaks to you. The Great Spirit calls. The heart of a father must bleed. But listen to Lewahee! It must be by Lewahee's hand. Lewahee only, shall save his people."

The grip of the warriors' hands on their bridles relaxed. A shout! "Lewahee, Lewahee! Great is the heart of Lewahee!"

Lewahee told no man how he carried his daughter, Onona, to the river, how he bound her little body to the bottom of the canoe and sent it far out into the stream, watching it drift out of his sight.

To Onona there is no grief in the memory of that night, but something tender and dear. She can see the woods on the shore dim in the starlight of a summer night. The murmur of the water grows softer and softer and she sleeps.

The sun had risen warm and bright when she awoke with the sound of strange voices in her ears; strange fair faces look upon her, and a woman bends over her. Onona feels that the hands are kind that unbind the thongs around her hands and ankles. She examines curiously the house where they take her. It is large and made of heavy logs, a house built for protection in perilous times. The Braidens who lived there decided to keep Onona, so she lived in this house for many years, learning to love her kind mistress and all the merry boys and girls.

When hostilities broke out in 1835, most of the families congregated in the towns and especially in Braidentown, where the soldiers were stationed. But the Braidens doubly fortified their home on the river and strange, to say, were never molested until after the capture of Lacochee.

One moonlight night, not long after this capture, Onona was up in the tall lookout which commanded a view of the river in both directions. Thinking of her childhood, her eyes were fixed on the river, when something far down stream caught her attention. She started, and an ex-

clamation escaped her lips as she saw the arrangement of the line of canoes. It was her father's triangular battle approach!

"My father, Lewahee," whispered Onona, and then her thoughts flew to the sleepers below. Should she warn them? Her heart cried out for her father and a great longing to see him, to touch his hand came over her. What were these white faces to her? And then—then? What does she hear!

"Gratitude—remembrance of loving deeds——"

Ah they had been kind to her, her father's people had abandoned her. With a loud cry she waked the household.

"The Indians, the Indians! Down the river, I will call the soldiers."

With that, Onona unbarred the door and sped quickly thro' the forest. In less than three hours, she was back with the soldiers. The Indians had fiercely battered the door and were endeavoring to fire the house, when the shots from the regulars' rifles poured in among them, creating such havoc that the warriors retired in dismay. In a moment, however, they returned to the charge.

One Indian taller and older than the rest, hurled himself upon the soldiers and had nearly forced his way to the door, when a rifle shot stretched him on the ground.

"Father, my father," and a lithe young figure is beside the fallen Indian. With a sudden fierce recklessness, Onona rises and her voice ringing out in the night, commands silence.

"People of Lewahee, your chief is dead. It is Onona who speaks to you. Through his child, he died. Onona only wishes now to die with him."

A cry of rage bursts from the Indians. There is the crack of a dozen rifles, Onona's form is seen to waver, and she falls by the side of her father; and so are the words of Ondago fulfilled. M. C. D., '04.

NOTES OF A PRIMARY TEACHER.

THE truth of the old saying, "experience is the best teacher," is realized by a beginner in the profession of pedagogy. I do not think I shall ever forget the beginning of my first day, when I found myself in the school room, "alone with my troubles." There were thirty-four of them, any where from five to ten years of age, possessing, as I soon learned, thirty-four different dispositions to be dealt

with individually. Do not ask me to give an account of that day. I came out fairly well, and still much interested in the work.

Counting was one of our early efforts, and I asked a little boy if he knew how many fingers he had on one hand. He promptly answered "free." I told him I thought he was mistaken and tried to have him find out for himself, but he remained convinced that he had only "free." Several others with eager promptness, answered correctly. Now I thought little Bill would surely change his mind, so I said, "Well, poor little Bill has only three fingers and the others have five, how is that Bill?" He looked up seriously and said, "well Miss Essel I can't help it, za's a way I was made." The children show great ingenuity in answering questions and often dispose of them in a surprising way. On one page of our primer is the picture of a lion and beneath this picture are several words, two of which are lion and lamb. I asked one of the primer class to point out the word lion. He did so, and then I asked, "Where is the lion?" He immediately put his finger on the picture. He was also successful in finding the word, lamb. "Now where is the lamb," I asked? He thought a minute and answered. "I 'spect he is inside the lion."

The primary teacher must be at once the sympathizing friend, the instructor, judge, and executive; the children come to her with all their joys and troubles. She frequently has to bind up injured heads, fingers, or toes, and the next minute to rejoice over a new marble or ball. There are also important questions to decide, and at times it is difficult to determine who is the culprit. After the decision, come the duties of the executive. I like to watch the progress of the children and I enjoy their many little winning ways. Although I have found primary teaching good solid work and some times rather trying, I have also found in it much pleasure and satisfaction.

E. L. W.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

LEIGH BANK, LEAMINGTON SPA, ENGLAND, March 25, 1904.

To all my Rollins' Friends, Greetings from Old England:

Would you like to learn something of my life in England? Perhaps you may be more interested in the people of to-day than in historic places, but I want to tell you at least of Warwickshire, Shakespeare's country. How true it is that one does not know a country until he has lived among its people, lived their life, and learned their ways. I

thought I knew something of England from my short visit several years ago, but have found it very different from what I expected or remembered; in fact, it seems more like a foreign country than one where our own language is spoken, and from which our ancestors came. In the language, for instance, the accent not only differs from ours, but many words are pronounced as well as spelled in other ways; and some expressions are so different from our own that I found I was not understood in the shops unless I "talked English." Each county or shire has, among its lower classes, a dialect of its own, and some of these are most difficult to understand. It is interesting to note that the dialect of Lancashire in the North, still retains many of the old English words of Chancer's time.

As a rule the young people I meet are hopelessly ignorant of our country. One girl of fifteen actually asked me if English was spoken in New York; and another, a little girl, if I came from Philadelphia in Palestine. "You know there is a Philadelphia there," she said. They know nothing of American history, nor of affairs of to-day, as few of their papers publish the real news, but simply bits of happenings. A principal of a school who has taught a number of years, made this remark to us, that there was not much worthy of note or worth studying in American history up to the time of the Revolution, and after that of course there was nothing. I have been told by an English girl that even to-day people who are fairly well educated, consider all foreigners barbarous.

England is almost entirely dependent for her food supplies on other countries, and their food is very monotonous as they have almost the same day after day, summer and winter alike. The climate is such that very little fruit and few vegetables can be grown. The few fruit trees I have seen, pears, plums, apricots, with the exception of apples, which are more hardy, are trained on the south side of the houses or on walls built for the purpose, and there they find warmth enough for a feeble existence. In the channel islands tomatoes are raised for the English markets, but all under glass in miles of greenhouses. You would be amused, as I was, to see stalks of corn growing as an ornamental plant in the flower beds at Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. The climate of the Scilly Islands is tempered by the Gulf stream; there they seldom have frost, and fields of flowers are raised for the London markets. The Gulf Stream has an effect on the whole of the east coast of England, the west being much colder summer and winter. While at home the past winter has been so unusually cold, here it has been mild with very little snow.

But I want to tell you something of Shakespeare's country. There

is a quiet, a repose, and beauty in rural England that I wish I could describe and make you feel and see. Footpaths wind everywhere across the fields, along hedgerows, over stiles and through gates, for the paths and roads are alike public even when on private property and fenced in. Just such a footpath leads across the fields from Stratford-on-Avon to Shottery, to the quaint, old thatched roofed cottage which was the home of Ann Hathaway when Shakespeare came a-wooing. In the house they show the bench with a very high back by the great fireplace on which the lovers may have sat.

Stratford is a very popular place with tourists. Last year from April to December sixteen thousand people visited Ann Hathaway's cottage, and the number of visitors at Shakespeare's house during the year was twenty thousand. In the garden back of the house are cultivated in beds bordered with box, all the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. But you can read all about Stratford and its interesting surroundings, so much has been written. One of the most conspicuous persons there to-day seems to be Marie Correlli, who considers herself quite a second Shakespeare, so the Stratford people say, and also that she is much disgusted because she is not received as such. There are many historic places near Leamington, Kenilworth with its magnificent ruined castle I enjoy more each visit, and find there new subjects of interest. Of Warwick Castle, the ancient and stately house of the Earl of Warwick, one would never tire. How fine it would be if the many ruined Castles and Abbeys in England were to-day in the same almost perfect condition as Warwick, but unfortunately they were not appreciated in time to prevent their destruction. Kenilworth and Warwick and many other small towns are very quaint and old, with thatched roofed houses and narrow, winding streets, and they are as interesting as the castles.

In every little English village, is the typical stone church with its square stone tower and ivy covered walls. The church yard at Lillington was a favorite spot of Hawthorne's when he lived in Leamington. On one of the stones is the epitaph,

"I poorly lived and poorly died,
Poorly buried and no one cried.

The explanation is that this is the epitaph of a miser, who lived in such a wretched way that his neighbors had no pity for him, and caused these lines to be put on the stone marking his grave.

There is much I might write of England and the places I have seen, but I have tried rather to give you an idea of some English ways that differ from our own. With all good wishes for the success of the Sand-Spur,

Sincerely your friend,

GRACE V. WAKELIN.

ON THE WAY.

THE great steamer moved ; the crowds on the pier waved farewells in answer to those of the many passengers thronging the decks ; shipping, lighthouses, islands, vessels of all sizes slipped by ; the pilot boat started back, and the "New England," with her hundreds of tourists bound for the Orient, was on her way.

On the passenger list we noticed the names of Mrs. Charles D. Morgan, her daughter, Leslie, and Mr. Lenning Browne, all from the western city that had once been our home. Our little party of four expressed various conjectures in regard to these people. After being at sea a few days and becoming accustomed to our surroundings, we began to meet our fellow-travelers, and had no difficulty in placing the three Westerners. Miss Morgan, an attractive girl with light waving hair, merry blue eyes and a clear complexion, was the center of a happy party of young people who were always on the alert for new adventures, and it was soon noticed that Mr. Browne was usually with them. This gentleman was tall and dark, and of evident refinement. At sea friendships are formed rapidly, and when we had been out only a week, Miss Morgan and he seemed the best of friends, and were often together looking for the first sight of land.

Our first landing was made at Funchal, on the island of Madeira, where on all sides, nothing but Portuguese was spoken. We were, in consequence, surprised as we came out of a shop, to hear our names called. Looking up, we saw some acquaintances from the ship, among them Mr. Browne and Miss Morgan, riding in one of the strange carriages of the island. The streets are paved with flat stones, and the rough, heavy-looking carts, with two seats facing each other, are put on runners instead of wheels. The only horses on the island are a few brought over by Englishmen, so all transportation is by means of oxen.

"You would better come and ride," called Leslie. "You have no idea how easy this goes. The driver runs ahead with greased rag and drops it so that first one runner goes over it and then the other."

"Thank you, we will," I answered, and soon we were enjoying a very novel ride.

The next day, after a restful night on the ship, we anchored at Gibraltar, and had time to see all of the mighty fortress that is shown to visitors. In the town at the foot of the rock, we found a guide who showed us up a winding road to what I will call the guard house. Here a pleasant faced red-coated soldier took charge of us, and we found our-

selves entering the passages that have been blasted out of the rock. These are tunnels with now and then an opening where a great gun is placed. In these tunnels are chests containing a seven year's supply of food and plenty of ammunition for a siege. We went up and up, but finally stopped for the soldier to explain the action of one of the guns. Leslie stepped out through the opening upon the rocky ledge outside and as the guide assured us it was safe, we all followed. From that height we had an interesting and extensive view. On one hand was the neutral ground, with the rows of English and Spanish sentry boxes on either side, and beyond we had a glimpse of Spain; the other, the strait of Gibraltar and across, Africa; while in contrast, above us on the rock was an insignificant monkey, and our guide told us there were many living among the boulders.

The moon was full that night when the "New England" slowly left her anchorage. Many groupes of two or three stood by the rail and watched the enormous black shape of the rock and the revolving lights on the shore, fade away in the distance. One couple standing in the shadow of a life-boat especially attracted my attention; I thought I recognized the figures, and when Lenning Browne's laugh rang out, I was sure I knew them.

At Algiers and at Malta, in the short time we were on shore, we were unable to see much, but Leslie told me of her visit to the Chamber of Bones where the bones of the Knights of Malta who were killed in the Crusades, are arranged on the black walls in fantastic designs.

"In each corner," said she, "stands a whole skeleton frightening one nearly to death."

We looked forward to Egypt with great interest. The railway journey lasting half a day, took us from Alexandria to Cairo. We passed little villages with their straw huts, and for some distance rode along beside the sluggish Nile with its yellow muddy water. As the train neared the city, a glimpse was caught, far off to the right, of the pyramids. After we had spent several days in Cairo, the Morgans and Mr. Browne accompanied us one morning on a trip to the pyramids. The wind blew fiercely and most of the ladies stayed on the ground, but Leslie had the distinction of going nearly to the top of the largest one, Cheops, accompanied and helped, of course, by several guides and Mr. Browne. Among other expeditions about Cairo, was one to the Museum, where we saw the Mummies of some of the Pharaohs, and many other old Egyptian relics. After staying four days in Cairo, Mrs. Morgan and her party went on a trip down the Nile, and we separated from them with sincere regret as they had added so much to our enjoyment.

Several months after our return to America, we saw this notice in

one of the Western papers : "Married last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Lenning Browne and Miss Leslie Morgan."

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

BY LEWIS HILSON.

ORDINARILY men do not rise above the commonplace. The consciousness of the individual is limited by the universe in which he dwells. Man's knowledge is narrowed by the compass of his experience. Yet there are moments when the meanest catch glimpses of vague realms of the invisible. The consciousness of the race is arranged in diversified strata. These strata lie one above the other like geological soils, according to the higher evolutions of human experience.

We are too won't to conceive of the race as a solidarity. We forget that the extremes of humanity are as far apart as an animal is from man. The native Australasian and the Caucasian are as widely separated in capacity and achievement, as is the Australasian from the Chimpanzee. Men are variable, diversified, differentiated, whether contemplated as mere animals possessing only physical instincts, or as mental forces playing upon the physical factors of environment. One indication of evolution from mere mammal to man—from earth consciousness to human consciousness is the existence of aspiration. However degraded, or arrested a human being may be, the fact that he still possesses the germs of the Ideal in glimpses of aspiration is the redeeming feature that frees him from the limitations of mere animalism and establishes the possibility of his infinite evolution. Never-the-less, in spite of centuries of development, humanity in the mass still abides on so low a plane that the differentiation between the nethermost stratum of man and the highest of the animal world is scarcely discernible.

How few of earth's billions of human beings, ever lift their eyes to the stars to contemplate their glories, or behold in the splendors of the sky more than momentary climatic conditions that favor or incommode their daily plans ! How many millions dream on the lowest planes of life ! How few ever reach the highest, and like stars of the first magnitude, shed their effulgence upon the pathway of marching centuries ! It is, indeed, a deplorable fact, that the mass of men still abide on the planes of mere animalism. Man is not yet a fact—he is but a promise.

While I am constrained to emphasize this inglorious truth, I am far from overlooking the fact that the tendency of nature, the stream of all forces, points to the constant ascent of the race through spirals of evolution into the sphere of the infinite. Man knows no bounds. His human progenitor—the first man—is undiscoverable. His culmination, his spiritual form—the last man is inconceivable. He is the product of progress, the child of the Eternal. The law of evolution points no more positively to man's ascent from the plane of the animal than it intimates his ascension toward the infinite.

Man, the physical constituent, has without a doubt been unfolded from his mammalian ancestry. In the material plane of his being he possesses an animal nature in common with the ox, and horse. They can see, hear, taste and feel. They have heart and lungs and brain, and powers of locomotion. But man is something quite distinct from an animal. His physical nature does not constitute his manhood. If it did we might call an ape, a monkey or a horse a man, at least in the process of evolution. If we admit that man's material body was evolved from the ground through the various steps of ascent in the animal form until it reached the human, it does not follow that those principles which are distinctly human were derived from the animal. They could not have been, because they do not exist in the animal.

But man—the potentially infinite within whose being we may discern the evolution of universal powers, whose supreme potencies are still undiscovered. This man, this divine being, never crawled through amoeba, trilobite, and ape, to the proportions of human magnificence. He lived in all, yet was never limited to the consciousness of any. He over-shadowed all life, but has never yet expressed the fullness of his own. He is the man to be. Although he is as yet unrevealed, there be a few who even now vaguely discern him afar off.

What then, may we fairly ask, is the law of growth? The law of discontent is the law of ascent; the pressing outward and upward of the infinite, perfective life; the divine unrest impelling the soul forever to fulfill the high purpose of its unfolding destiny.

Man's first attainments are necessarily physical. He is of the earth earthy, and of a truth there must be first the natural (physical) and then the spiritual (psychical). By this physical prowess man removed the primeval forests, and made for himself a habitation and a home. By dint of native savagery and brute force he plowed through toil, war and carnage, to the splendid triumphs of a material civilization. He compassed the globe and commanded the elements. He bowled mountains into the sea and converted deserts into laughing prairies. On this plane he has acquired the skill of physical conquest. But here man

could never pause. Anon, he felt the throbbing of a higher genius—the genius of invention and discovery—the prophecy of brain over brawn, of thought over things. The mechanic became the inventor, the engineer the discoverer; the artisan, the artist. Man rose from the dullard to the dreamer; from the plodder to the poet. Events became epics; human speech flowed in song and oratory, and history became the prolonged and picturesque plot of an evolving drama. But even on this plane, man was still discontented. He discerned within himself a sphere of attainment beyond what brain and brawn, the moil of muscle and toil of thought could gain. Experience taught him that it was not only possible to do a thing well but to do it right. He learned not only to help himself but to help others. In short he conceived the moral law. Here man learns to lose sight of self and considers the claims and rights of others. Here he passes from the sense of action to that of duty—from indifference to obligation—from individualism to fraternalism. On this plane man has as yet but partially developed. The moral sense of mankind is cramped and narrowed. Man observes the moral law chiefly for purposes of individual development, scarcely yet conscious of the needs of racial development. For example, the money manipular, who roams over continents, and risks millions of dollars and anxious lives in gigantic syndicates and speculations, is looked upon as being a more conspicuous and necessary citizen than the college president who strives to teach the young how to be honorable, just as well as successful.

All upward movement, although slow and disappointing, clearly illustrates the fact that there is a formative force which prevades the race that will sometime culminate in the ideal man. But when the human intellect shall have reached the highest stage of rational consciousness, are we then to witness a halt in the universal march of spiritual progress, or may we anticipate still higher and more complex evolution? Mere mental development is, after all, not the culmination of human possibility. In pure reason man does not attain his loftiest ideal. Science and philosophy never satisfy the profound yearnings of the human soul. These may suffice for sunlight and air, but without soil and moisture the seed will never fructify. The "dry light of reason" must mingle with the warm emotions of the heart and tears of enthusiasm before the soul can soar to its highest heaven.

An education then that equips one with purely mental power, has but touched the outer rim of the real function of education. What true parent would be content to have his child trained in the 'skillful effects of manual culture, and know that his heart had been untouched by the finer forces of goodness, truth and purity? The world needs not only good

artisans, or great professional geniuses, but also noblemen—men in whom the instinct of justice, the sense of right, and the passion for purity are so highly developed as to command an enduring admiration.

Too many construe education rather as the training of the intellect than the culture in the individual of those ethical forces that alone must constitute the final triumph of the race. We must not only educate the hand to cunning and skillful artifice, the brain to keen and logical endeavor—but we must also educate the feelings, the passions, the appetite, the will, till all shall be fashioned into the mould of honor, integrity, and righteousness—the trinity of virtues that must crown the ideal man.

SOME JUNE DAYS IN JAPAN.

We left Palo, Leyte, about the middle of April, arrived in Manila five days later, and soon after started on our summer voyage to Yokohama. We greatly enjoyed a day or two each at Hong Kong and Shanghai. Nagasaki was our next port and the first of the Japanese. The harbor is almost land locked, mountains rising on every hand, with gardens in terraces to their tops. Our ship coaled there, most of the work being done by women. The coal is brought out in barges and then it is shoveled into little baskets and these are passed in a steady stream from hand to hand; the arms of the women move back and forth like clock work. While this was going on we went ashore and rode out to Mogi, a fishing village six miles from Nagasaki; I cannot tell you how beautiful the country is. Every available little nook and cranny is cultivated, a little garden ten feet square, another larger, another smaller, all set off with little stone walls and perfectly kept. Perhaps a little stream of water trickled down one side over some stones and a clump of Iris was growing near. Every ten feet or so the whole way there seemed to be a brook. We stopped at a half way tea house, at Tagami, to let the coolies rest. Thus far the road is uphill and there was a coolie to pull and one to push each "riksha," but the rest of the way was down hill and the coolie behind did the pulling, so we went into Mogi at a very good rate. There we visited a little Shinto temple hidden in the trees on the hillside, and saw a Japanese cemetery on a neighboring hill, and this hill was covered with thousands of little stone jars containing the bones of their departed.

I think we must have brought the rainy season into Yokohama, for

it has rained every day. From our window we can see Figiyama, and it looks like the thousands of pictures. The Japanese color their photographs in a very pleasing way. The first night we were here, we went to a festival at a Shinto temple on a hill overlooking the town. Jimrikishas took us to the foot of the hill and then we climbed. It was more like a circus. There were booths all along, with toys, candies, etc., each man crying his wares. Near the top was a tower, in which a girl sat beating a drum and blowing a shell to call attention to the wrestling match below. Just below was a temple, here the people threw their coins and then said their prayers while on one side of it was a pantomime of masked figures. Coming down another way we passed a temple where the people wash their hands and their coins before throwing them, here they beat a great gong with twisted ropes to call the god's attention. A little farther down a priest was chanting, and the chant sounded like "This is the house that Jack built, etc." On Sunday we went to church at Kamakura, to an Episcopal service, and there we met some very pleasant people, with whom we saw the great bronze Buddha, that is said to be as imposing as the Egyptian sphinx. It is 50 feet high and is out in the open air, for the temple built around it has been washed away by a tidal wave. The beautiful Goddess of Mercy is also an immense image 30 feet high. Some of the gods are hideous, but these great figures are very impressive. Sir Edwin Arnold, wrote an appeal to tourists, that one finds on the entrance to the grounds of Buddha. "Stranger, whoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this Sanctuary, remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence." There is a temple to the God of War, in which are preserved the weapons and armor of the warriors of the nation; some are very, very old. Kamakura is historic, all of it. Formerly it was a feudal capital and the scene of many a bloody battle, there are mounds of bones where whole families have been destroyed.

From Yokohama we came to this place, Sagami, also surrounded by the sheltering hills. The woods are full of honey-suckle and white roses, and the air is laden with their sweetness. In the dining room every table is decorated, one iris on ours is a delicate blue and the petals look like crepe. At Nikko, the iris and wistaria were just coming into bloom, we saw the last of the cherry blossoms, and the woods were full of daisies, buttercups, and violets. The Mikado has a villa just next the hotel, but we cannot see over its high wall.

The servants here are mostly girls, smiling little creatures, always busy, pattering about with their little straw shoes. They talk in

broken English. It is astonishing how many Japanese speak our language. One has no trouble at all traveling here. Nearly all the signs are in English, and at every station there are huge signs with the names of stations and directions for changing cars both in English and Japanese. They have good schools, too. We visited the Girls Industrial School in Tokyo, and there they were doing beautiful work. In some rooms making flowers with the natural flowers before them for models, and it was difficult sometimes to tell the real. In another room they were painting and drawing from nature, in another they were making cotton kimonas and in yet another, silk. Upstairs they were embroidering with gold thread, and crocheting, and knitting. Everything as quiet and orderly as a school at home. Most of the schools are government institutions, and the pupils dress in costume. The girls wear a red skirt, and the boys are distinguished by their caps. Their education shows, even the coolies have their books and newspapers, and many of them speak English. The Filipinos are illiterate, and conceited over the little they do know, but the Japanese do not seem conceited, or satisfied with slight attainments.

This hotel is an immense building with every convenience, electric lights and bells, baths, dozens of them it seems, you whisper "bath" and it's ready. All is kept like wax, the floor of the little porch outside my door looks as if it had been laid down yesterday. All the machinery is run by the water from the hill, and the baths come from a hot mineral spring. I suppose they have gardens for the food is all fresh and delicious, I know the water cress grows, by a cascade just outside my door. The Japanese are great for utilizing everything, every inch of ground, every tree and flower. They are at the head of this hotel, an we like Japanese proprietors best.

From Tokyo we went Nikko, a lovely place up among the hills, where we staid two weeks, spending our time out of doors as much as we could, climbing the hillsides to temples or waterfalls, until we became famous walkers. One day we visited temples. One buys a ticket for 80 sen, or 40 cents, which is good for five days, and admits one to all the temples once. Two temples were enough for us as they are all somewhat similar, Shinto and Buddhist, and we saw the finest two, famed for their gold and lacquer and their beautiful carving. There are several gates before entering the temple, and up beyond the temple on the hillside are the bronze tombs of Ieyasu and Iemitsu. Nikko is also famed for the "Sacred Red Lacquer" bridge, that we did not see as it had been washed away by a flood, but it was being repaired and next time I suppose I shall see it. Only royalty was allowed to pass over it, but common mortals were making good use of the temporary bridge in its place.

The Mikado lives in a small city of his own. His grounds are surrounded by a double wall and moat, with immense great gates and with guards all the time on duty. The Crown Prince and his wife recently paid a visit to the Osaka exposition, and the papers remarked upon the intimate cordiality existing between the two. He helped her alight from the train and sat with her in the carriage, and they walked about the grounds together, all quite wonderful for a Japanese gentleman and royalty at that. The custom is for the wife to keep a yard or so behind, and naturally the press commented on the progress of modern ideas.

SUSAN TYLER GLADWIN,

Fujiya Hotel, Sagami, Japan, June 13, 1903.

Rollins '99.

NOT CLARIBEL.

I.

Where Virginia low lieth
 The breezes pause and die,
 Letting the light waves fall.
 But the lonely cypress sigheth,
 Moss-hung quivering,
 With old memories,
 Of pleasures past.

II.

At early morn one heareth
 The hep, hep, hep, of college crew;
 At eve the young frog croaketh,
 Among the hyacinths blue.
 At midnight the moon cometh,
 And looketh down alone.
 His cry the 'gator yelleth,
 The clear voiced plover dwelleth,
 The callow wild duck swimmeth,
 The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
 And on the shore it lappeth,
 The whip-poorwill replieth,
 Where Virginia low lieth.

M. A. H.

A HERO'S CHOICE.

AT sunrise on the morning of April the ninth, just two score years but one ago to-day, the boom of guns was heard among the hills around Appomatox. The Confederates were now cut off on almost every side; and alas! this day was destined to be the saddest the little veteran bands of Lee had ever known, or, perhaps, would ever know. Courageous to the end they were at last beaten by the overwhelming forces of Grant. Their thin and ragged ranks were being mowed down by the surrounding masses of Federals.

The condition of the North at this time is familiar to every one of you, and also the condition of the South. Here was the South, exhausted, bleeding, writhing in the agony of defeat; there the formidable, still powerful Union. Here 100,000 ragged and half fed veterans of the Gray, there the lusty and robust million of the Blue. On one hand poverty and distress, on the other, wealth and plenty. On the one hand blockades, stagnation, on the other, commerce, trade, supplies. The South was full of worthless government notes; the North had a treasury and large credit! What an unequal strife this! what could bravery count against such odds? Could this struggle longer be maintained against that powerful antagonist? Yet, in the face of all this, the South had coped with the North for four years, she had startled the world by her deeds and there was still that same strong feeling of patriotism in the heart of every Confederate; that patriotism which had urged him on at the Wilderness, at Gettysburg, at Antietam. What sorrow that the courage and the love of one's country that had marked the American of the Revolution, should now be turned against one's own countrymen. And they had not lost courage in defeat—they were still ready to follow their leader into the very jaws of death.

At this period of retreat from Richmond, when the future of the South was darkest, the question of guerilla warfare was presented to Lee. Should he surrender his army and thus destroy the last hope of the Confederacy? Should he remove the last support of the South? Or should he divide his army and, fleeing to yonder mountains, carry on a guerilla warfare against the North? What a difficult question even for so great a man as Robert Lee! He realized, and the army realized that the next few days must decide the fate of the Confederacy; and he knew that the question must be answered by him. What agony of mind he must have endured that he, this patient, loving, Godfearing man, should utter these words: "How easily I could get rid of all this! I

have but to ride along these lines, and all would be over." Nevertheless he lived thank God, he lived to render unto the South his yet best services.

And now let us look at the probable results of a guerilla warfare. If Lee should decide in its favor, the struggle could be prolonged interminably. The North would never be able to drive the Rebels out of the mountains and bring them to terms. Yet what would be gained by this? Surely, the South could never gain her independence, except through the intervention of some foreign country. But she would suffer desolation, starvation, destruction. Mile upon mile of country would be laid waste. Not one town or village might be left! The path of the conqueror would be marked by heaps of ashes, ruins of villages, desolate fields, deserted homes. On the other hand, could the South not lay down her arms to an honorable foe? She had been offered honorable terms, she had gained the respect of the world. She had won honor, fame, and glory. She had shown to the world what the American race could do. She had rivaled in brilliancy the long renowned charge of the six hundred; she had surpassed the battle of Thermopylae; she had added her share of names to the list of those who have made themselves immortal. Then why was it not better to lay down her arms and accept the peace that was then extended to her?

It was thus General Lee reasoned, argued, struggled against himself, and against the advice of his army. What anguish must have wrung his heart! Imagine his feelings if you can. Advised by those he loved and for whom he had fought so long, to divide his army and wage guerilla warfare; and on the other hand, urged by reason and judgment that in the end surrender would bring peace and prosperity back to the land he loved. He realized that he had done his duty to his country and to his God, and that fate had decided against him. He had cast his sword with the lot of his native and beloved state and he had lost. He had expended every energy, exhausted every resource, and all in vain. But now he was called upon to render his last services and to bestow the greatest blessing the South had ever received at the hand of man. He was called upon to mark out her future path, to turn her in the direction of reunion, peace, and prosperity. Let us thank God for the decision which was to join us together again. Who of us now would allow any one to insult our Stars and Stripes? Who is there now who does not stand up for this, our own beloved nation, the United States of America? May she advance onward and ever upward, and forever be a land of liberty and freedom.

And so the guns of the last charge died away upon the morning air; that tattered battle flag was furled forever. Virginia's heroic veterans

had given their last thrilling battle cheer, and echo like the sob of a mighty sea, rolled back from the valley of the James and all was still. The father of the Confederacy had extended his last blessing, the last fight of the army of northern Virginia had been fought, the end had come. The smoke vanished. The startled birds renewed their songs over the stricken field. The battle smell was drowned in the fragrance of the flowering spring, and the ragged soldier of the South, God bless him, stood there facing the dread reality more terrible than death, stood there ready to grapple with and face down despair, for he had done his all, and all was lost—save hono^r.

SAMUEL STIGGINS.

SPRING.

(Written When Thirteen.)

When Spring awakes from Winter's sleep,
 And zephyrs waft the breath of flowers;
 When robins twitter all the day,
 And roosters test their vocal powers.

It fills my heart with joy and praise
 Through all the livelong day,
 And I love to muse upon it all
 As I journey on my way.

I love to see the murky fog,
 The herald of the hour;
 I love to see the clouds of dust
 That in the noon-time form.

I love to feel malarial fever
 Riding on the tainted gale;
 I love to see the hectic flush
 And bilious features pale.

For I'm a doctor, you must know
 And love to chase a fee ;
 And this is why the merry Spring
 Has such a charm for me.

Prescriptions by the score I fill
 And many a fat fee take,
 And charge a dollar for a pill
 It costs a cent to make.

And so no season of the year
 So fills my heart with praise,
 As spring when poets, birds and hens
 Pour forth their several "lays."



PROF. EDWIN R. DICKENSON,
PRINCIPAL OF BUSINESS SCHOOL,
(Author of Poem on Opposite Page.)

THE SAND-SPUR,

Published by the Delphic Debating Society of Rollins College.

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CARL NOBLE, }
MARTHA P. HOWES, } - - - - - EDITORS.

IRA JOHNSTON, - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

"We report progress." The passing year has been the most satisfactory in the history of the College. The endowment has been raised, discipline ably maintained, a step taken towards self-government, and in each and every department we can truly say "We report progress."



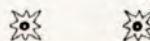
When we say "a step has been taken towards self-government," we refer to the Young Men's Co-operative Union, an organization formed for raising the student ideal of government. The impartiality of this body is shown by the fact that in every case their decisions have been more severe than those of the faculty.



The articles in this number from Egypt, England and Japan show that the influence of Rollins is not local merely.



Through oversight Mr. Ira Johnston's name was omitted from the article entitled "Compulsory Education." The oration was well worth the attention of all.



Special attention is called to the following article. It is an account of the endowment written by one who knows, and who labored for its achievement.



Another long step has been taken in the development of Rollins College. It is known to the readers of the Sand Spur and to the friends of the College in general, that something more than a year ago Dr. D.

K. Pearsons, of Chicago, who has given large sums of money to some thirty American colleges, proposed to the Trustees of Rollins College to contribute toward an Endowment Fund, provided the Trustees would raise an additional one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on or before April 14, 1904. Although this task seemed to many to be entirely impossible of accomplishment, the trustees accepted the proposition at their annual meeting, Feb. 17, 1903. By vote of the Trustees the planning and management of the campaign was put in the hands of President Blackman, who associated with him Vice President Morse. Several members of the board of trustees led off with generous subscriptions, and other old and staunch friends of the institution followed. On the 14th day of April, the limit fixed by Dr. Pearsons for completing the undertaking something like twenty thousand dollars were still lacking. It seemed as though the effort would fail. Dr. Pearsons had already volunteered to extend the limit of time, if need be, into the summer, but it was felt that such an extension of time would be, from many points of view, most unfortunate. The matter was presented by President Blackman to the trustees and friends of the institution who are in Winter Park, and by Mr. Morse to those who were in the North, with the result that the entire amount was guaranteed by these gentlemen by 5 o'clock in the evening. An hour later the entire sum had been subscribed, with a margin of more than six thousand dollars. A pleasing feature of the last half-day's work was the guarantee by Prof. Ensminger of two thousand dollars on behalf of former students of the institution.

We append the list of donors to the Endowment Fund; it is a veritable Roll of Honor. It should be accompanied by three other lists, the names of the ladies, fifty-three in number, who contributed through the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee; the names of former students who contributed through Prof. Ensminger, and the names of former students who contributed to the Banquet Scholarship one thousand dollars which was suggested and carried through by Prof. Lord.

An examination of the list of donors, printed below, discloses these interesting facts: that there were seventy-three individual contributors to the fund; that the trustees of the institution contributed \$56,605; that \$68,500 was given by women; that forty-one donors gave sums of \$500 or more each; thirty-one of \$1,000 or more, seven of \$10,000 or more, and three of \$20,000 or more; that Chicago contributed \$77,100 (or if Mrs. A. W. Rollins, formerly of Chicago, but now of Washington be included, \$99,100) and New England \$47,535, of which only \$7,510 came from Massachusetts, while Connecticut contributed \$39,525; that a much larger amount was given by Presbyterians than by

Congregationalists ; that \$17,000 was contributed by Episcopalians and Lutherans ; and that the Congregational churches and pastors of Florida gave \$384.50.

Tuesday, April 26th, was given up to a celebration of the raising of this Fund. All college exercises were suspended ; in the forenoon the new boat house on Lake Virginia was dedicated, and the skiffs and paper racing shells now belonging to the college, were put in place ; in the afternoon the Rogers House, which had been given to the college as a part of the Endowment Fund, and which is to be enlarged and improved this summer by the expenditure of \$12,000, was taken possession of by the college and re-named the Seminole Inn ; every person in town being invited to participate in this exercise—an interesting feature of which was the Ring Tournament, participated in by four Cuban students ; and at seven o'clock supper was served in the dining hall to the members of the Board of Trustees and their families, the Faculty, student body, and all such residents of Winter Park as had contributed to the Endowment Fund. President Blackman gave some account of the raising of the Fund, after which, all present, arose and drank a toast to the health of Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons, after which the college yell was given with gusto by the students. Post-prandial speeches were made by E. H. Brewer, Andrew Richmond, and Loring A. Chase, who spoke especially of Mr. A. W. Rollins, for whom the college was named, and of other personages and events connected with the early history of the school. It was proposed by Prof. Lord that a Banquet Scholarship should be raised by the faculty and students, whose income should be assigned each year on Banquet Day, namely, April 14th, Dr. Pearsons' birthday, to that student, probably of the Sophomore class, whose record during the year, was the best in attendance, deportment, and scholarship. Fifty-seven names were subscribed to the subscription blanks, amounting to \$304 ; since then—have been added.

The raising of this endowment, insures the permanence and future development of the college ; it is, however, by no means adequate to the needs of the school. The income to be derived from it, will not support the college even on its present basis of expenditure, nor can one penny of it go toward buildings or equipment. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, it was voted that a committee be appointed, composed of President Blackman, Vice-President Morse, W. C. Temple, E. H. Brewer, to present to the public the needs of the college, in the hope that the Fund may be increased to a half a million dollars. There is need of a Library and Administration buildings, and a large increase of the library itself, of a Science Hall, of a larger Music Hall, and of an Auditorium which shall serve as Chapel and for other public occasions.

When these buildings shall have been erected and the Endowment Fund raised to \$400,000, and the number of students doubled—all of which we must look and labor for in the immediate future, the college will be able to do the work for which it was founded. It is a pleasure to quote these words from recent letters from Dr. Pearson: "I say there is no place in America where a thousand dollars would do more good than at Rollins College; "I can assure you that none of the thirty colleges on my list is doing better than Rollins, and I am delighted. I am the happiest man in the crowd."

Rah-Rah-Rah-Rollins.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE ENDWMENT FUND.

D. K. Pearsons, Chicago, Ill.	\$50,000
J. H. Whittemore, Naugatuck, Conn.	25,000
Mrs. A. W. Rollins, Chicago, Ill.	20,000
Mrs. Frederick Billings, New York, N. Y.	12,000
Frederick Billings, New York, N. Y.	5,000
Mrs. J. N. Harris, New London, Conn.	12,000
George A. Rollins, Chicago, Ill.	10,000
W. C. Comstock, Chicago, Ill.	10,000
C. H. Morse, Chicago, Ill.	6,000
L. F. Dommerick, New York, N. Y.	5,000
H. G. Ludlow, Troy, N. Y.	5,000
Mrs. M. T. Turner, Philadelphia, Penn.	5,000
Mrs. Mather, Cleveland, Ohio.	5,000
Miss E. A. Sparrell, Medford, Mass.	4,000
E. H. Brewer, Cortland, N. Y.	2,500
W. H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2,000
Misses Summer, Albany, N. Y.	2,000
John H. Converse, Philadelphia, Pa.	2,000
Ladies' Auxiliary Committee.	2,000
Former Students guaranteed by Prof. F. P. Ensminger.	2,000
Mrs. Orilla Ames, Swampscott, Mass.	1,500
W. C. Temple, Pittsburgh, Penn.	1,500
W. R. O'Neal, Orlando, Fla.	1,000
Chas. H. Hall, Maitland, Fla.	1,000
C. L. Mark, Fredonia, N. Y.	1,000
Mrs. Spencer, Manchester, Conn.	1,000
Mrs. G. W. Coburn, Boston, Mass.	1,000
Mrs. A. S. Whittemore, Cambridge, Mass.	1,000
Mrs. Helen P. Camp, Waterbury, Conn.	1,000
F. W. Lyman, Minneapolis, Minn.	1,000
A. S. Worthington, Washington, D. C., }	1,000
Lucy Worthington Blackman, Winter Park, Fla., }	
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wells, Burlington, Vt.	500
Andrew Richmond, Winter Park, Florida.	500
J. L. Washburn, Duluth, Minn.	500
G. D. Simon, Alleghany City, Penn.	500
M. M. Smith, Winter Park, Fla.	500

L. A. Chase, Chicago, Ill.	500
F. J. Nettleton, Scranton, Penn.	500
J. H. Wyeth, St. Louis, Mo.	500
J. L. Conoley, Oviedo, Fla.	500
Henry Phipps, New York, N. Y.	250
Churches, Florida.	223
Dr. M. A. Henkel, Winter Park, Fla.	200
G. H. Smith, Jacksonville, Fla.	100
W. S. Smythe, Chicago, Ill.	100
Hayes Bigelow, Tarpon Springs, Fla.	100
C. H. Ward, Winter Park, Fla.	100
W. Schultz, Jr., " " " "	100
F. W. Phillips, " " " "	100
W. J. Kirkpatrick, Philadelphia, Penn.	100
James Ronan, Trenton, N. J.	100
K. K. McConkey, York, Penn.	100
E. A. Benjamin, Tampa, Fla.	100
Reid & Hughes, Norwich, Conn.	25
Rev. C. P. Redfield, Winter Park, Fla.	25
John Neville, Bay City, Michigan.	20
H. Berry, St. Petersburg, Fla.	10
Andrew Ahik, Winter Park, Fla.	10
Mrs. Susan E. Barrows, Quincy, Mass.	10
Rev. E. P. Herrick, Matanzas, Cuba.	5
Miss Flora Walker, Sanford, Fla.	5
Mrs. Officer, St. Petersburg, Fla.	2

\$206,285

A number of subscriptions, received since April 14th, are not included in the above list.

The Ladies Auxiliary Committee was formed for the purpose of assisting the Trustees of the College in raising the Endowment Fund. It is composed of thirty ladies, residents or visitors in Winter Park, and through its efforts, more than \$2,100 was added to the Fund. Fifty-four donors contributed this sum, in amounts ranging from one dollar to two hundred dollars. Sixteen ladies gave—or secured—one hundred dollars each. In March, a lawn fete at the President's house, netted the committee \$275.40. Not the least important accomplishment of this committee, was the distribution of literature concerning the College in many communities where Rollins had not gone before, thus creating numerous new centers of interest in its work and welfare. The committee is about to organize as a permanent adjunct to the College forces.



The college takes its stand for culture and for character. Its ideal is that of the highest development. Its aim is not only to impart

knowledge, to establish habits of clear thinking, but also to widen sympathies, to raise ideals, and to enrich and ennoble the whole life.

And for accomplishing these results is not the college pre-eminently fitted? In student life, views are enlarged and sympathies are broadened. As in the great world, so in the college there are problems, and the college furnishes a valuable preparation for the larger sphere. The gymnasium and the athletic field train the physical and mental powers to strength, quickness, and endurance. In the study of the natural sciences and of mathematics, the mind is trained to close observation and accurate reasoning. As we stand before the mystery of a growing plant, unfolding its tiny leaves to the sunlight, or as we gaze into the starry heavens and consider the thousands of solar systems sweeping onward in their appointed courses with exactness and awful grandeur, every fibre of our being thrills with the divine harmony of the universe. History and Literature develop our imaginative, critical, and appreciative powers, and stimulate us to thought and action. We look back through the years and study the lives of the world's heroes. "The powerful of earth, the wise, the good," philosophers, statesmen, poets, teachers; and we turn the pages of the world's life and watch nations and empires in their rise development, and fall, and the very best in our nature responds. We are held to high ideals. Philosophy introduces us into the realm of mind, also leading us towards that broad and liberal culture which distinguishes the truly educated man or woman.

Powerful as is influence, it is not simply by putting ourselves under good influences that we shall attain to greatness of character, but by constant watchfulness and effort; character building must be from within. The world is wide, its opportunities many, and clear and strong comes the call to labor. Inexpressibly great is the world's need of true men and women, strong and unselfish. And for this highest manhood and womanhood it is the purpose of the college to train its students. As students are we learning those high lessons which the college has to teach? We shall need them all. For the time draws near when the college having spoken her message to us, shall send us forth saying, "Behold your heritage of labor; there is the world; make it better."

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

We, the students of Rollins College, learn with sorrow of the death of our friends and fellow-students, Edith M. Rix and Bessie Hobbs Dickenson. The loss of such students and friends is felt by us all and especially by those of us to whom they had endeared themselves by many noble traits of character. Although they have been called away, the influence of their kind, loving, and unselfish disposition will remain with us.

Realizing our own loss, we sympathize the more with their families in their bereavement. Though we mourn the early death of these friends, we look forward to the day of reunion, and think of them now as happy and blessed in the home where no sorrow, no pain ever comes.

BESSIE L. CLEMENTS, {
ELIZABETH KNOX, { Committee.
LEWIS HILSON, {

SOCIETIES.

Y. W. C. A.

For some time a need had been felt among our young women for some bond of Christian fellowship in the college. Early this year, Prof. Morse organized the Young Women's Christian Association. The young ladies took up the work readily and the membership list has steadily increased until now it numbers over two-thirds of the young women in college. Plans were made for two weekly services, a half hour devotional meeting Sunday morning and a Bible Study Club Wednesday afternoon. The latter has been led throughout the year by Mrs. Drury-Lowe, whose knowledge and sympathy have been freely spent among us, bringing great help and strength.

The visit of Miss Mabel K. Stafford, Traveling Secretary of the Gulf States Division of the Y. W. C. A., aided us greatly and gave a new impetus to the work. A missionary fund has been raised, and application has been made for affiliation with the Gulf States Association. Letters of fellowship have been exchanged with many Southern colleges, and it is confidently hoped that we shall have at least one delegate to the Ashville Conference in June. We trust that the work may go on next year with increasing power and blessing.

Y. M. C. A.

Regular devotional meetings have been held every Sunday morning. The meetings have been characterized by earnestness and devotion. Besides this work, the Y. M. C. A. has conducted a Bible Study class every Sunday afternoon. This meeting has been well attended and to many, very profitable. Mr. Davis with his knowledge of the scripture, has made a helpful leader. Much of the good resulting from association is to be ascribed to Prof. Morse, who labored unceasingly in its re-organization, and whose helpfulness has been felt by every member of the Y. M. C. A.

KAPPA EPSILON SORORITY.

COLORS.

Crimson and White.

MOTTO.

U-T-U.

K-a-p-p-a E-p-s-i-l-o-n

Kappa Epsilon

The one and only one

Which has any fun

At Rollins, Rollins.

Siz! Boom! Bah!

K. E. K. E.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Kappa Epsilon Sorority was organized in the Spring of 1903. With the "Lucky Thirteen" as charter members the now famous society came into existence. They had no club house or hall, but nevertheless went energetically to work and many were the good times they had in the meetings of the first year.

At the beginning of this college year only four of the old members came back, but by the end of the semester, five new members had been initiated into the secrets of the Society and, by the whispers heard now and then, it seemed that they had enjoyed some lively times.

In November a gay entertainment was given in Cloverleaf parlors at which Misses Craig and Sadler were initiated after having kept their probation pledges for two weeks.

The Sorority has now a hall and is an important factor in the social life of Cloverleaf. Although the Kappa Epsilon is a local society, yet it is a true sisterhood and it cherishes the hope that before many years have elapsed Rollins may boast of a chapter in a National Sorority.

But amidst the happiness and joy of Spring a sorrow has come to this band. By the death of Edith Rix the Sorority has lost one of its most loyal members. "No one knew her but to love her," and although her place must be vacant in the meetings, yet her memory will always remain in the hearts of its members.

DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY.

On the evening of May 16th, the Delphic Debating Society held its last meeting and presented a varied programme to a good audience. Every member of the Society contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. The following programme was rendered:

Roll Call	
Opening Song	Cocachelunk
Feet Balls	Miss Taylor
Original Oration—"The Discipline of Memory,"	Mr. Hilson
Esau Buck and the Buck Saw	Miss M. Howes
Music	Miss McClung
"The September Gale," Holmes	Ira Johnston
Song, "Asthore"	Miss O'Neal
Selection from "When Patty Went to College"	Miss Hardaway
The Delphic Prophecy	Mr. Ankeney
"Spartacus to the Gladiators"	Mr. Stiggins
"The Raven,"—Poe	Mr. Ronald
Original Essay on "Early Rising"	Mr. Frazier
Music, A Lullaby	Miss May Howes
Critics Report	Mr. Noble
Closing Song, The Delphic Version of "Paddy Duffy's Cart."	

Mr. Hilson gave a logical and ethical treatise on the "Discipline of Memory."

Mr. Ankeney's Delphic Prophecy was a source of merriment to the audience and showed some ingenuity in preparation. Also, Mr. Noble's extemporaneous criticism evoked the continuous laughter of every one present.

The topical song which closed the exercises, was 'The Delphic Version of "Paddy Duffy's Cart."'

Many Monday evenings, we've spent in loud debate,
Tearing one another's hair, until the stroke of eight.
We held it in the Chapel, in Recitation Hall,
Until they sent us to the Gym, to furnish room for all.
Oh, there was Ira Johnston, to be a great actor ;
And Touchstone grave, the Noble Carl, preparing for the law;
Both brilliant Delphic members,
Who, hearts and voices bring
And lend their lungs to help us out
No matter what we sing :
 Whether its
"Twinkling Stars," etc.

We'd gather after supper, forsaking food and drink,
And run each other to the stage to babble forth our think,
Then seated in the lamplight, we'd range in solemn state,
The light of battle in our eyes—all thirsting for debate.
There was Lewis Hilson, never known to fail,
Fighting Sam, our President, so hearty and so hale,
And many Delphic members, who hearts, etc.
 Whether its
"My Bonnie," etc.

O, many solemn maidens, nobby, neat, and coy,
A smiling on the officers and any handy boy.
'Twould make a jealous feeling, a quiet piece of chaff,
'Till all in play, it died away and ended in a laugh.
Oh, Helen guides the music, dignified and straight,
And Mary dear gets full of fear, because she must debate.
Of other Delphic members, there's really quite a string,
We'd name them o'er and count the score, but we must
stop and sing,
Fare ye well, Fare ye well, Fare ye well, my fairy Fay, etc.

Each member bears witness to the benefit he has received and to the work that the Society has accomplished. We have certainly done well, and would have accomplished more, but for the misfortune of having lost our Constitution and Documents and having to literally organize a new Society at the beginning of the school year. In spite of such drawbacks, the Society is again getting on a firm basis and expects to do good work next year.

The Society as a body, offers its congratulations to each individual member upon his work and extends its hearty thanks to the Dean for his kind consideration in excusing us from study hour on meeting nights. It is, indeed, with regret that we bid a last farewell to two of our staunchest members, Miss Hardaway and Mr. Hilson. We wish them a future full of happiness and joy. May they be successful in every undertaking.

CORKS.

The Corks, the Corks, the Corks, are we,
We are the Corkers of old R. C.

Realizing the shadow of seriousness in Sunshine Alley, seven girls formed themselves into a band to enliven the situation. This club they call the C. O. R. K. S. The significance of the letters is known only to the members. Whenever there is any fun, you will find the Corks right there, and if there is none going on, they take pains to originate some.

One of the favorite forms of amusement is giving feasts—not spreads—but real feasts. It is understood that two Corks shall entertain the Club once a week; and these two are also supposed to wash the dishes afterward, but some of the members have a propensity to shirk this last duty. Two notable members did this once to their sorrow.

The Corks have their fun, but sometimes they are burdened with trouble. One of this number has written a little rhyme which tells how the clouds are driven away by the sun-beams in their little alley. This rhyme is respectfully submitted to the SAND-SPUR by the Corks:

When Ada has struggled till her brain is quite weary,
With the Analytical problems so dull and so dreary,
When Helen is wondering if on her tomb will be cut,
"Died by a Geometry Original Stuck."
And Lizzie has moaned and bewailed her fate,
That she has an English essay to slate;
When Emma despairs of ever working
Her arithmetic problems so disconcerting;
When Mamie and Florida get into straits
With their musical history, its points and dates,
Then when study hour is over and done,
They devote a few minutes to having some fun,
The C. O. R. K. S. gather and scatter the gloom
That pervaded the atmosphere of every room.

"THE JUGS."

The J. U. G., a Society composed of half a dozen or more young ladies of Cloverleaf, has been the means of much pleasure to the members. It offered a prize for the Studenthelp Fair, and to raise the

amount promised, the members gave a play for the young ladies of Cloverleaf, selling tickets at five cents each, or ten cents for reserved seats. The play was called "Through Life" and was acted in pantomime; between acts several solos, recitations, and gymnastic performances were given.

The C. O. R. K. S., a sister organization, gave a most delightful spread to the J. U. G. S. on the evening of March 8. Several social events are now being looked forward to with pleasure.

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DRAMATIC NOTES.

Shakespeare's charming comedy of "As You Like It," was presented at Lyman Gymnasium, Thursday evening, April 28th, with the following cast :

Duke, Living in Exile	Wm. E. Burrell.
Frederick, his Brother, and Userper of his Dominions	Wm. F. Ronald.
Amiens, } Lords attending upon Exiled Duke	{ R. H. Rowland
Jacques, }	{ S. C. Noble.
Oliver, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois	{ Wm. F. Ronald.
Jacques, }	{ S. J. Stiggins.
Orlando, }	{ Frank J. Booth.
Le Beau, a Courtier	Wallace Webster.
Touchstone, a Clown	S. C. Noble.
Corin, } Shepherds.	{ Ira Johnston.
Silvius, }	{ Karl Schuyler.
Charles, a Wrestler.	George W. Phillips.
Adam, a Servant to Oliver	Samuel S. Sadler.
William, a Country Fellow in Love with Audrey	Guy H. Fraser.
Hymen	Manetta F. Marsh.
Rosalind, Daughter to the Exiled Duke	Alice Rich.
Celia, Daughter to Frederick.	Edith Longley.
Phebe, a Shepherdess.	Marguerite Morse.
Audrey, a Country Wench.	Alice Longley.
Lords	Wallace Webster, Guy H. Fraser, W. V. Morrow, Jas. Parramore.
Foresters	G. W. Phillips, S. S. Sadler, George Gibbs, L. O. Larson.
Pages	Chauncey Webster, Gonzalo Vieta, Antony Morse.
Ladies of the Court	Marguerite Morse, Martha Hyer, Alice Longley.
Peasant Girls	Lucretia Cousen, Emma Olmstead.
Cupids	Rebecca Morse, Florence VanSickle, Jean Wagner.

As the curtain was drawn, applause burst forth at the exquisiteness of the scene—a beautiful garden, full of living green and fragrant bloom. The quarrel scene was strong and spirited, and Orlando won his place with the audience in his first appearance.

Then, into this garden, came the two fairest blossoms in Flanders—

two roses on a single stem, for where they went, they "went coupled and inseparable." Nothing could have been daintier or sweeter than the scenes between Rosalind and Celia. They made us think not only of "Juno's swans," with their stateliness and grace, but also of Venus' doves, with their sweetness and innocence.

We cannot recall a fairer picture of girlish loveliness than that made by these two "nut brown maids" whose "loves were dearer than the natural bond of sisters."

Rosalind, masquerading as Ganymede, was a dear, dear boy, with a charming delicacy of instinct showing the woman throughout the courtship, and never once, as either character, losing a single note of the high-born maid.

Celia, both as the first princess of the land and as Aliena, held every heart, and we little wondered that Oliver loved her at first sight.

Mr. Noble's splendid rendering of the two "leads," Jacques and Touchstone, was a remarkable piece of work. Mr. Noble showed the kindness, the nobility, beneath Jacques' crustiness; therefore, his cynicism, instead of irritating, entertained us. Even with his melancholy and egotism which were well maintained, we found him, as Rolfe aptly called him, "juicy."

It was a delight to see Touchstone come upon the stage. His every movement was mirth-provoking; yet his love-making with Audrey, so manly, so delicate, that we doffed our hats to him as the finest gentleman, as well as the cleverest of clowns. When he rid himself of that formidable rival, William, he won fresh bays as an orator.

Who can describe William? His personation was something too subtle for words. And Audrey! Would the world were full of Audreys such as Miss Alice Longley made live before us. Miss Longley possesses dramatic ability of a rare order. The audience realized it and her every appearance was signalized by rapturous applause.

Orlando was delightful in the vitality and strength of youth, his openness, his dearness, we might say, which made him "enchantly beloved." He was a beautiful type of chivalric tenderness and love, and was at his best in the love scenes with Rosalind. He did some fine work with Oliver and Adam; and with Jaques, showed himself a wit as well as lover.

The fidelity and devotion of the old Adam were well brought out; the pathos of the sacrifice of this gentle, tried heart was sweetly appealing. His farewell to the home of more than sixty years, was heightened in effect by the low strains of Tosti's "Good-by" from a far-away violin.

All fell in love with Phebe, who was so adorable in spite of her

scorn of the loyal Sylvius. We appreciated the regret in Rosalind's voice when she said, "I would love you if I could," and also the element of persistency and courage in Sylvius' courtship. The naiveness of these pastoral scenes was most attractive.

Corin's enjoyment of *Touchstone* was so ingenuous that it was very infectious. The utter simplicity of the old shepherd was most pleasing.

The airs and affectations of *Monsieur Le Beau* were displayed with fine effect; and the dignity and knightly bearing of the first Lord, made him a distinguished figure upon the stage. We look for some deep work from Mr. Webster, another year.

Mr. Ronald was strong in each character he so well personated, Duke Frederick and Oliver. He has walked in "seven-league boots" across the dramatic field, this past year. His work as Solonio and Balthazar in "*The Merchant of Venice*" gave a fine promise of future efforts which he more than fulfilled in "*As You Like It*."

The mellowed nature of the banished Duke, his fortitude in exile, his noblesse oblige, were well held.

The voice of his sweet singer, Amiens, rang like a wild bird's note through the forest. The forest scenes were full of life and freedom; the dumb show in them, as well as throughout the play, being excellent. The silent characters contributed much to the success of the play. The music of the play was very happy; the "Cuckoo" song and Hymen's being extremely beautiful. The wrestling was fine, each young athlete acquitting himself handsomely. Mr. Phillips showed splendidly developed power, and his dying is to be highly commended.

Jacques de Bois' appearance was strong and vivid and made a marked point in the play.

Every scene was distinctive, and held the audience by its own charm; but, possibly, the one that stands out most prominently in the memory, by reason of its picturesqueness and subtle beauty, is the last—the entrance of Hymen, the cupids, and the brides. At Hymen's song and Rosalind's "To you I give myself, for I am yours," we were stilled into the solemn hush of the bridal. The delicate, graceful abandon of the joyous measures, that followed Jacques de Bois' glad tidings was wondrously beautiful, and when the cupids drew together, with garlands of roses, these gentle hearts, when each bride knelt to her lord, giving her hands in symbol of her life, and he threw the garland of capture about his own neck as well as hers,—a mutual captivity, held fast by a spirit of love—and Hymen's crowning covered all, then we felt the force of the play's central truth, the blessedness of chastened hearts, the beauty of disciplined lives, the power of heaven's great gift to the world, devoted, holy love.

MUSIC NOTES.

The students of the College have an unusual opportunity to become well acquainted with the best musical compositions through the work of the Choral Class, which this year has made good progress. The plan of the class is to give Vespers at regular intervals throughout the College year. Among the works studied this year are, Choruses from the Messiah by Handel, the Forty-Second Psalm by Mendelssohn, the Passion Music by Hayden and several light choruses by favorite composers.

The work in the piano department has been gratifying to an unusual degree. The large class has shown an interest and application which has been very satisfactory to the teachers. Miss Dawson has done excellent work as assistant teacher in this department during the year, and we have been indeed fortunate to have one so faithful, so conscientious, and so well equipped for the work.

The programs of the two graduates, Miss Dawson and Miss Knox, we give in full as worthily representing the standard of the department.

RECITAL BY MISS DAWSON

LYMAN HALL, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY, 21, 1904, 8:00 O'CLOCK.

Prelude,	-	-	-	Bach-Liszt
Sonata, Op. 53, first movement,	-	-	-	Beethoven
Du Bist die Ruh',	-	-	-	Schubert-Liszt
Impromptu-Fantasia,	}	-	-	Chopin
Waltz in A flat,				
Variations in A major,	-	-	-	Paderewski
Concerto—Andante, Op. 69	-	-	-	Hiller

RECITAL BY MISS KNOX

LYMAN HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1904, 8:00 O'CLOCK.

Prelude and Fugue,	-	-	-	Bach
Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2,	-	-	-	Beethoven
Adagio sostenuto,—Allegretto—Presto.				
Romance with Choral Refrain,	-	-	-	Henselt
Papillons	-	-	-	Schumann
Berceuse,	}	-	-	Chopin
Impromptu				
Concerto in D minor, first movement,	-	-	-	Mendelssohn

 THE SUN SPOTS.

An important part of the work of the astronomy class for nearly a month before the holidays was that of viewing the sun spots which were so plentiful and interesting.

The observations were made by means of the excellent five-inch equatorial refractor belonging to the astronomical equipment of the college, and they were made almost every day during the month.

The spots were closely followed as they changed positions on account of the axial rotation of the sun. Several large and interesting groups were seen just after they had appeared on the eastern limb of the sun and were followed in the new positions that they reached from day to day, until they were about to disappear from the western limb, fourteen days later.

The number of spots increased from two, seen on November 25, when the observations began, to seventeen, seen on December 10, and decreased from this number to five, seen on December 21. The largest group whose individual spots were closely defined on December 4, 5, 9, 10, 11 and 19, contained nine spots.

SPEECH OF MISS GUILD

AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE FLAG POLE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:

When I was asked to say a few words to-day, my first impulse was to say no, but on account of my great love for the College and remembering the words of Dr. Hooker, the first president, upon my graduation, I consented.

His theme on that day was, "As ye go, preach." The one sentence I recall is, "Take heart, be brave, there will be difficulties, many hard words to say." Now I do not mean to imply it is hard for me to speak of the work of the college, but it is not my fate to make a speech.

You will pardon me, no doubt, if "I" is very noticeable. Probably I am the only one present, who has been associated with the college from its foundation. Being the first pupil enrolled, I think I feel differently toward it than any pupil now can. I have watched its progress, slow but sure, these years. I have almost a feeling of reverence for these buildings.

In the first weeks of school we assembled in the Cong. Church for classes, then removed to the rooms over the Pioneer Grocery Store. With what rejoicing did we come to Knowles Hall.

When the time came for the third class, which comprised two members, to bid farewell, we saw four buildings on the campus, but in all

these years we had not had the privilege of looking upon our Country's colors in this town.

We wished to leave some little memento to show our love and gratitude and what was more fitting than our flag. The incident attending this gift has been told in many cities of our Country, by one of the old Generals of the Army, who had been told of it when he visited the School.

One member of the class was from Massachusetts, the other from South Carolina, each held an end of our flag as they presented it to the College.

Thus we are still united, true to our Country, true to our College. Our alumni is gradually increasing. We have tried to form an Alumni Association so that we may still be in touch with our Alma Mater. Although we as yet are not able to bestow rich gifts, yet we are dreaming dreams and making many plans for the future, assured that Rollins is to be an honor to our State.

CLARA LOUISE GUILD.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL.

Athletics in our College this year have been healthier and more diversified than during any season since the opening of the School. Rollins is slowly but surely taking her place in all round development. In the fall some attention was given to foot ball, resulting in a scrub game among the home boys. Very soon the lack of heavy men showed it was useless to put a team in the field, and basket ball became the absorbing sport.

BASKET BALL.

The basket ball season was short and sharp. Sam Sadler was elected captain, and W. E. Burrell manager of the team, with "Pat" Flaherty, the "Little Chicago American League Whitesock Pitcher" to coach them, the boys made very fast progress in developing a fast team. The first game was played with Stetson University. The game was played slowly owing to different interpretations of the rules. During the first half our team work was bad, showing a lack of self confidence. At the end of the half the score stood 10 to 3. In the second half our work became more team like and by clever throwing the score was raised to 13 to 14. The game was won by thrown fouls. Both teams

made about the same number, but Rollins' free throws were not so accurate as Stetson's. The second game was played by DeLand. The sharp, fast work of our boys, soon told on the Stetson men. Our splendid team work kept the ball in our hands the greater part of the game. The Stetson forwards had no open opportunities to make field goals, so good was the work of our guards. Our forwards' work was the feature of the game, Flaherty making sensational shoots into the basket, Sadler and Phillips were also in at the "killing." The third game attracted a large crowd of spectators. It was never interesting. Stetson was hampered by the substitution of three players. Their team work was unsteady, while our guards played their usual excellent game and Flaherty, Phillips, and Sadler, kept up their reputation for goal throwing. This game gave Rollins the State Championship.

BASE BALL.

Basket ball over, base ball began. With "Pat" Flaherty coach, Frank Booth as Captain, and Burrell as manager, the candidates got to work. The first game was with the DeLand town team, played here. Our team work was as good as could be expected at the beginning of the season. A hit by Fernandez won the game in the ninth. Next we lost to Ormond in an eleven inning game. In this game Flaherty pitched superbly up to the 8th, when he sprained his wrist so badly that he had to go north for treatment. The first game after Flaherty's departure was played at DeLand. Burrell was put in the box. He pitched a splendid game, but our battery couldn't hit McCarty and we were shut out 3 to 0. On the 14th of March we went to Ormond where we were sumptuously entertained and beaten very badly. The only college game of the season was with the State College. After nine innings the score stood 9 to 3 in our favor. The only features were the fielding of Sadler and Atkisson and a three bagger by McCord. Thus the season closed. The management heartily thanks their friends for their loyal support and financial aid without which it would be impossible to have a team.

ROWING.

Aquatics are now in full swing. The crews of the two eight oared shells are enthusiastically practicing early every morning. The row boats are being used as much as the rules allow. The young ladies are practicing for a row boat race and some of the braver ones are even contemplating a girls' crew for the shells.

W. E. BURRELL
H. C. ATKISSON.

THE TWO CREWS.

THE ALABAMAS.

On Friday evening, May 6th, nine students held a meeting for the purpose of organizing a boat crew, electing a captain and choosing a name and colors. For the position of captain, Mr. Samuel S. Sadler was nominated and unanimously elected. From the many names suggested, Alabama was chosen, not only because of its beauty, but also on account of its Indian meaning, "Here we rest." After careful consideration, Crimson and White were decided upon as our colors. Since the meeting, almost every morning the "hep" of the coxswain has been heard upon the lake by five o'clock. Our crew is honored in that her members form an admirable aggregation. There is Sam Sadler, captain of the Basket Ball team; Frank Booth, who captained the Base Ball team; also Mr. Winston Morrow, the "big little" man, light in weight but heavy when he sits on the crew. Then Daniel S. Davis, who graduates this year, and Samuel C. Noble, Editor-in-Chief of the SAND SPUR. Last, but not least, is Guy H. Frazer, stroke. No one will deny that we should be proud of such a crew composed of such capable and distinguished men. We are all "birds of a feather that flock together" and over Lake Virginia we will fly.

The crew will row in the following positions: Stroke, Frazer; 7, Noble; 6, Buttram; 5, Davis; 4, Thompson; 3, Johnston; 2, Sadler; bow, Booth.

THE MISSOURIANS.

We, the Missourians, compose a good strong hearty young crew that is training energetically for the coming contest. We have a competent and spirited captain, Mr. Preston. Mr. Gibbs, the coxswain, gives us the "hep! be careful there! hep!" Our long and strong stroke is Tommy Atkisson. Our starboard stroke, Mr. Ronald does fine work on No. 7, Captain Preston pulls No. 6 and pulls it hard. No. 5 is managed by the strong hands of Mr. Green. Mr. Norwood puts his strength with good effect into No. 4. Mr. Ankeney is a strong No. 3. Mr. Larson puts his muscle into No. 2 and No. 1; the bow oar is in the skillful hands of Mr. Charley Lamson and if we lose why the others will win.

We have a happy combination in the colors of dark green and pink. We want every one to be "sporting" these colors. Well, we'll "ring off" now, but we'll have more to say, or less, as the case may be, when the eventful day, Monday, May 23rd, is numbered with the past.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

The reception for the new students, at Cloverleaf, on the evening of October third, was a delightful introduction to our social life for the year. Each person present wrote his or her name on a slip of paper, and this decoration was very convenient as well as the cause of much merriment.

The reception given by the Faculty, Tuesday afternoon, October twentieth, is remembered with especial pleasure by the new comers in town and college, who were then given an opportunity to enlarge their circle of acquaintance under most favorable circumstances.

The Delphic Debating Society brought suit against Mr. Guy Frazer for the sum of twenty-five cents, a fee for tardiness caused by escorting a young lady from Knowles Hall to Cloverleaf during the ten minutes intermission. Twelve jurors were officially summoned by the clerk of the court, Mr. Hilson, and on the evening of October 27th, the trial was begun. The case was argued before Judge Dickenson, Messrs. Burrell and Johnston were the prosecuting attorneys, for the defendant Messrs. Noble and Stiggins were the attorneys. The oath required of the witnesses was, "I do hereby solemnly promise to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, unless there is some good way to get around it." The testimony of some eight witnesses was heard, for the most part quietly, tho' when Mr. Noble on the stand was asked, "Of what does gallantry consist?" and he answered "Mostly gals!" Sheriff Pinkerton was obliged to aid in restoring order. After the case had been carried on for several nights, the decision was rendered in favor of the defendant.

Friday afternoon, October thirtieth, at a pleasant informal "At Home" given by Mrs. Blackman, a number of young people met Mr. and Miss Simen. Mrs. Blackman's Friday afternoons have been memorable in the social life of all who have availed themselves of her hospitality.

The Masquerade party in the Gymnasium, Halloween, was the most cosmopolitan entertainment of the season. Princes of unknown kingdoms danced with peasant maidens incognito; the color line was not drawn, and everywhere it was the wise student that knew his own classmate. The Grand March under the able supervision of Miss Reed, was said by the spectators to be graceful and picturesque.

Several Cloverleaf young ladies gave Miss Rich a surprise party at the Pansy Cottage, Saturday evening, November seventh, in honor of

her birthday. Games, dancing, music, and refreshments, combined to make a general good time.

At Cloverleaf, Monday afternoon, November sixteenth, Miss Lee, Miss Well and Miss Marsh received from four to six, when the Faculty and students had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Darrow. Roses in the beauty gave a charm to the tea room and the other reception rooms were attractive with ferns and wild flowers.

In spite of the inclement weather Thanksgiving Day; the holiday was a happy one and added itself to the long list of good things we have been thankful for at Rollins this year. The excellent sermon by Dr. Kendall in the morning, the basket ball game in the Gym. after luncheon, the bounteous dinner, and, not least, the social evening that rounded out the day, were enough to fill to the brim any student's cup of happiness.

The reception given by the young men of Pinehurst to the Faculty and students, December second, was a notable proof that man can be a woman's equal in the hospitable art of receiving. The entire house was thrown open to the guests and the taste everywhere displayed in arrangement and decoration, the delicious refreshments, and the ease with which each minute was made to seem shorter than the last, left a charming impression of the life at Pinehurst.

Among the Xmas gifts brought back by students was an unwelcome one, the measles, the only contagious disease that has invaded the Campus for years. Owing to this intrusion, we were unusually quiet until the fifth of February, when the young ladies received at Cloverleaf the Stetson and home basket ball teams. Unfortunately a basketball team requires only so many members and their substitutes, but in appreciation, the guests atoned for their limited number.

A novel and pleasing variation of the usual social hour at Cloverleaf, was an auction Saturday evening, February thirteenth, at which the guests bid on the silhouettes of the young ladies, peanuts being the local currency.

The Cooking Class gave a Japanese dinner to the Trustees of the College, on Trustee's Day at the President House. The dining room was decorated with bamboo, the table with peach blossoms, and the waitresses were dressed in Japanese costumes. The Faculty Recital on the evening of the same day, was of its usual artistic excellence.

The Leap Year party of the young ladies on Washington's Birthday, was a great success. The gentlemen voted them quite competent to play the part of hosts.

Under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association, Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy gave an entertainment at Lyman Hall, February twenty-seventh. Mrs. Murphy sustained her high reputation as a reader of Southern dialect and greatly pleased her audience.

The students showed their appreciation of Mr. Flaherty by giving him a farewell reception that was heartily enjoyed by all.

The Oratorical Contest for the gold medal offered by Mr. James Ronan, of Winter Park, was held on the evening of April 7th. It was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Louis Hilson was the successful orator.

Last, but not least, in the series of Cloverleaf entertainments, came Miss Darrow's hospitable "At Home," after the Musical Recital, Saturday evening, May seventh. The welcome was cordial; the cream, the only cool feature, was most acceptable; and the omission of the customary warning bell, was a crowning act of grace.

Mrs. Drury-Lowe graciously entertained at her hospitable home, May 16th, the Y. W. C. A. and other ladies of Cloverleaf. The afternoon will be remembered for its charming and varied interests.

PERSONALS.

Mr. John H. Neville, Mrs. Neville and their little daughter, Laura, spent a few months in Winter Park this year. Mr. and Mrs. Neville live in Bay City, Mich. Mr. Neville is manager of the Bay City branch of the business of Walworth & Neville.

Several short stories by Mr. Rex E. Beach have appeared in recent numbers of McClure's Magazine. Mr. Beach writes of cow boy life in the West.

Miss Susan Tyler Gladwin is returning by way of Europe, from a three years stay in the Philippines.

Miss Susan N. Thayer and Mr. Grant P. Travis were married at the Elms, Penn Yan, New York, the twentieth of January.

Mr. Louis A. Lyman who went to the Philippines in the summer of nineteen hundred and one has just arrived home at Melbourne, Fla.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE ROOM IN QUARANTINE.

(With Apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

In old Cloverleaf, the cottage on the Campus first to see,
 There's a room that's quarantined, and 'tis there you should not be,
 For the inmate hath the measles, and the stern command hath been :
 "Come away, ye foolish maidens ! Leave the Room in quarantine !

Of the Room in quarantine,
 Forget the sights you've seen,
 Gazing down through the transom, while less daring ones turned green
 With envy of your mien,
 Curb imagination keen,
 Which may end in your inhabiting a Room in Quarantine."

Her skirt was gaily plaided and her waist a brilliant green ;
 Her name was Marianna, like the modest grange's queen.

We saw her last a-standing in the clear Gymnasium light,
 And a-watching flying figures chase the basket ball by night ;
 Figures of great athletes all
 Wonder workers with the ball.

Plucky lot she cared for athletes, when she felt the measles thrall,
 In the Room when quarantine
 Was to soon reduce the scene
 To the sameness, and the tameness, of a Room in quarantine.

And that's all cast behind her—long ago and far away,
 The students wait no longer for her Knowles Hall-ward chassee ;
 For she's learning here in quarantine the tale the trained nurse tells,
 "When you've felt the measles coming, then you never heed aught else ;
 No you never heed aught else
 Save the fever woven spells

You're oblivious to meal time, and the tinkly study bells,
 In the Room in quarantine,
 Where your wondering fancies lean
 To wondering when the day will come, to need no quarantine."

She was sick of wasting thanks for toast, and met beef tea with groans ;
 She, the chubby one had fallen off until she was but bones,
 When her friends came to the rescue, formed a Life Preserving Band,
 Though she talks a lot of gratitude—what can they understand ?

What can they understand
 Till they get the measles, and
 Have time made less eternal by some gift dispensing hand ?
 Hand that daily, though unseen
 Helps to break up the serene
 And tedious calm that broodeth o'er a Room in quarantine.

But—Do not ship us out of Rollins—for she now is past the worst,
 Hath overcome the fever and betrays no "under thirst."

Soon the burden of her conscience will call forth the old time sigh ;
Got to get me back to lessons just as fast as I can fly !"

She beholds in her minds' eye

The coming by and by,

Of examination days, when it may be her whole hearts' cry :

Let me hide in quarantine !

Better far the laws Hygiene

Doth enforce, than these that reign outside my Room in quarantine !"

Ward No. 1, Rollins Hospital.

January 20th, 1904.

The Dean, (in chapel) Dr. Blackman is unable to be with us this morning. Let us all sing the Gloria.

A Figi they call me,
The reason I can't see.

For lessons in the train catching art, apply to Misses O'Neal and Bumby.

What is Miss Brown's favorite song? "Josep—my Joe."

The Warring elements of Mr. Preston's nature, properly weighed, would make a ton.

Miss T. is much given to consulting one of the standard dictionaries.

Mr. Johnston is a Wiley man.

Grace seems to have a Chubby time now-a-days and Cleve is wearing an almost perpetual "Son" (ny) smile.

In Geom. Class. Mr. L.—Triangle A. B. C. is equal to triangle M. N. O. Prof. D.—Why? Mr. L.—Because its legs are the same size.

Frazer practices what he preaches, he leads a Christian life.

Mr. H.—Say Johnston what color of eyes suit you best?

Mr. J.—Oh, Hazel eyes, of course !

Mr. T.—"I've a longing in my heart for you, Louise."

Hilson—I don't care how many jokes you put in on me just so you don't make them personal.

Do the Rollins students "stand Pat"—No they love him.

No we cannot recommend the advisability of allowing even a best lady friend to take your literary essays, or orations, to read, for she might mislay them. Such a thing happened last week to one of our most promising orators.

It is rumored that Mr. Hilson is soon to deliver an oration Hellenic speech. Considering his vast knowledge of the subject, we confidently expect much.

"Sweet William" seems to be the self appointed custodian of the college S(c)hopke(y).

Some a Derby may like to wear on their head, but I prefer Her on my left arm.

V.—Do you think Russia will rule the Eastern world in 100 years?

Prof.—No, because they are not homogeneous enough. Do you know what that means?

V.—No, but I guess it means they haven't genius enough.

Prof. L.—Mr. Atkisson, how many syllables are there in every Latin word? Mr. A.—Three.

Misses H. and McC. coming a little late to dinner, said: "Please excuse us, we were rowing and got stuck in the middle of the lake."

FIRE CRACKERS.

At midnight in their quiet rooms
The girls were deep in slumber,
When suddenly from in the hall
Came noises without number.

Pip-pop, pip-pop the crackers went;
The halls were filled with smoke,
The teachers from their rooms rushed out
And everybody spoke.

Miss D. then said, "The carpet's burnt,
O who would dare do this?"
And as the lights flashed here and there,
"Sure some one will rue this."

When every one had settled down
And all were fast asleep,
There came upon each door a tap,
And some began to weep.

One girl woke with a sudden start
And gave dreadful shriek,
But B. stopped her with a "Sh—."
And we heard the hinges squeak.

Oh girls, girls, girls, how could you dare
To do this awful deed!
It might have burnt the house all up
And left us in great need.

Prof. R.—That reminds me of a little story—.



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